

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

AN old man stood, upon the night of the new year, at his window, and gazed with the look of a fearful despair, up to the immovable, ever-glowing heavens, and down to the calm, clear, white earth, upon which there was now no one so friendless and sleepless as he. For his grave lay near by him. It was covered only with the snow of old age, not with the green of youth, and he brought with him out of the rich abundance of his whole life, nothing but errors, sins, and infirmities; a wasted body, a desolate soul, and an old age full of sorrow.

To-day his beautiful youth-days wandered about him like ghosts, and drew him back to that pleasant morning when his father first placed him on the cross-way of life, which leads on the right by the sunny path of virtue in a broad peaceful land, full of light and harvests, and on the left, drags down in the mole tracks of vice into a black cavern full of dropping poison, full of hissing serpents, and dark sultry vapours.

In despair and unutterable grief, he cried out to the heavens above, "Give me youth again, oh! Father,—place me on that cross-way again, that I may choose another path. But his father and his youth were gone long ago. He saw wandering lights dancing among the marshes, and disappearing in the grave yard, and he said, "These are my foolish days." He saw a star fall from heaven and glimmer in its fall, and vanish on the earth,—“I am that,” said his bleeding heart, and the serpent-fangs of remorse struck deeper in their wounds.

His burning imagination pictured before him flying night-phantoms on the roofs,—and the windmill lifted up its

arms in a threatening manner to crush him—and a skull still lying in the tomb by degrees assumed his looks. In the midst of this struggle within him, the music for the new year flowed suddenly down from the church tower like a far off chant. His heart softened. He cast his eye around the horizon and over the broad earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth, who now, happier and better than he, were teachers of the earth, fathers of happy children, and blessed men; and he said,—“Oh! I also like you might have slept through this first night, with unwept eyes, if I had been willing. Ah, I might be happy my dear parents, if I had followed your precepts.”

In this feverish remembrance of his youth-time, it seemed to him as if the skull, with the features of the tomb, raised itself up. At least through that superstition which on the New Year's night sees the spirits of the future, it became a living youth. He could behold it no longer. He covered his eyes. A thousand scalding tears streamed down and disappeared in the snow. Hopeless and in despair, he yet only sighed in a low voice,—“Come back again, oh! youth come back.”

And it came back again: for he had only dreamed so fearfully. He was still a young man. His grief alone had been no dream. But he thanked God that he, still young, could turn in the midst of the dark currents of vice, and restore himself to the sunny path that leads into the land of harvests.

Turn back with him, young man, if thou standest in his wandering way. This frightful dream will become in future thy judge. But if ever, full of sorrow, thou shouldst cry out,—“Come again beautiful youth: then will it not come again.

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

The more you mow us down, the thicker we rise; the Christian blood you spill is like the seed you sow;—it springs from the earth again and fructifies the more.—*Tertullian*.

As day was drawing to a close, and the rays of the setting sun climbed slowly up the dungeon wall, the prisoner sat and read in a tome with silver clasps. He was a man in the vigour of his days, with a pale and noble countenance, that wore less the marks of worldly care than of high and holy thought. His temples were already bald; but a thick and curling beard bespoke the strength of manhood, and his eye, dark, full, and eloquent, beamed with all the enthusiasm of a martyr.

The book before him was a volume of the early Christian Fathers. He was reading the Apologetic of the eloquent Turtullian, the oldest and ablest writer of the Latin church. At times he paused, and raised his eyes to heaven as if in prayer, and then read on again in silence. At length a passage seemed to touch his inmost soul. He read aloud:

"Give us, then, what names you please, from the instruments of cruelty you torture us by, call us Sarmenticians and Semaxians, because you fasten us to trunks of trees, and stick us about with faggots to set us on fire; yet let me tell you, when we are thus begirt and dressed about with fire we are then in our most illustrious apparel. These are our victorious palms and robes of glory; and mounted on our funeral pile we look upon ourselves in our triumphal chariot. No wonder, then, such passive heroes please not those they vanquish with such conquering sufferings. And therefore we pass for men of despair, and violently bent upon our own destruction. However, that which you are pleased to call madness and despair in us, are the very actions, which under virtue's standard, lift up your sons of fame and glory, and emblazon them to future ages."

He arose and paced the dungeon to and fro, with folded arms and a firm step. His thoughts held communion with eternity.

"Father, which art in heaven!" he

exclaimed, "give me strength to die like those holy men of old, who scorned to purchase life at the expense of truth. That truth has made me free; and though condemned on earth, I know that I am absolved in heaven!"

He again seated himself at his table, and read in that tome with silver clasps.

This solitary prisoner was Aune Du Bourg, a man, who feared not man. Once a merciful judge in that august tribunal, upon whose voice hung the life and death of those who were persecuted for conscience' sake, he was now himself an accused,—a convicted heretic, condemned to the baptism of fire, because he would not unrighteously condemn others. He had dared to plead the cause of suffering humanity before that dread tribunal, and in the presence of the king himself to declare, that it was an offence to the majesty of God to shed man's blood in his name. Six weary months,—from June to December,—he had lain a prisoner in that dungeon, from which a death by fire was soon to set him free. Such was the clemency of Henry the Second.

As the prisoner read, his eyes were filled with tears. He still gazed upon the printed page, but it was a blank before his eyes. His thoughts were far away amid the scenes of his childhood, amid the green valleys of Riom, and the Golden Mountains of Auvergne. Some simple word had called up the vision of the past. He was a child again. He was playing with the pebbles of the brook,—he was shouting to the echo of the hills,—he was praying at his mother's knee, with his little hands clasped in hers.

This dream of childhood was broken by the grating of bolts and bars, as the jailor opened his prison door. A moment afterwards his former colleague, De Harley stood at his side.

"Thou here!" exclaimed the prisoner, surprised at the visit. "Thou in the dungeon of an heretic! On what errand hast thou come?"

"On an errand of mercy," replied De Harley. "I come to tell thee——"

"That the hour of my death draws near?"

"That thou may'st still be saved."

"Yes; if I will bear false witness against my God—barter heaven for

earth—an eternity for a few brief days of worldly existence. Lost, thou shouldst say,—lost, not saved!”

“No! saved!” cried De Harley with warmth; “saved from a death of shame and an eternity of woe! Renounce this false doctrine—this abominable heresy—and return again to the bosom of the church, which thou dost rend with strife and dissension.”

“God judge between thee and me, which has embraced the truth.”

“His hand already smites thee.”

“It has fallen more heavily upon those who so unjustly persecute me. Where is the king?—he who said, that with his own eyes he would behold me perish at the stake?—he, to whom the undaunted Du Faur cried, like Elijah to Ahab, It is thou who troublest Israel? Where is the king?—called through a sudden and violent death to the judgment seat of heaven!—Where is Minard, the persecutor of the just?—Slain by the hand of an assassin! It was not without reason, that I said to him, when standing before my accusers, Tremble! believe the word of one, who is about to appear before God; thou likewise shalt stand there soon,—thou, that sheddest the blood of the children of peace. He has gone to his account before me.”

“And that menace has hastened thine own condemnation. Minard was slain by the Huguenots, and it is whispered, that thou wert privy to his death.”

“This at least might have been spared a dying man!” replied the prisoner, much agitated by so unjust and so unexpected an accusation. “As I hope for mercy hereafter, I am innocent of the blood of this man, and of all knowledge of so foul a crime. But tell me, hast thou come here only to embitter my last hours with such an accusation as this? If so, I pray thee, leave me. My moments are precious. I would be alone.”

“I came to offer thee life, freedom, and happiness.”

“Life—freedom—happiness! At the price thou hast set upon them, I scorn them all! Had the apostles and martyrs of the early christian church listened to such paltry bribes as these, where were now the faith in which we trust! These holy men of old shall answer for me. Hear what Justin Martyr says in his

earnest appeal to Antonine the Pious, in behalf of the Christians, who in his day were unjustly loaded with public odium and oppression.”

He opened the volume before him and read:

“I could wish you would take this also into consideration, that what we say is really for your own good; for it is in our power at any time to escape your torments, by denying the faith, when you question us about it; but we scorn to purchase life at the expense of a lie; for our souls are winged with a desire of a life of eternal duration and purity, of an immediate conversation with God the father and maker of all things. We are in haste to be confessing and finishing our faith; being fully persuaded, that we shall arrive at this blessed state, if we approve ourselves to God by our works, and by our obedience express our passion for that divine life, which is never interrupted by any clashing evil.”

The Catholic and Huguenot reasoned long and earnestly together; but they reasoned in vain. Each was firm in his belief: and they parted to meet no more on earth.

On the following day Du Bourg was summoned before his judges to receive his final sentence. He heard it unmoved, and with a prayer to God, that he would pardon those who had condemned him according to their consciences. He then addressed his judges in an oration full of power and eloquence. It closed with these words.

“And now, ye judges, if indeed you hold the sword of God as ministers of his wrath, to take vengeance upon those who do evil, beware, I charge you beware, how you condemn us. Consider well what evil we have done; and before all things, decide whether it be just, that we should listen unto you, rather than unto God. Are you so drunken with the wine-cup of the great sorceress, that you drink poison for nourishment? Are you not those, who make the people sin, by turning them away from the service of God? And if you regard more the opinion of men than that of heaven, in what esteem are you held by other nations and principalities and powers, for the martyrdoms you have caused in obedience to this blood-stained Phalaris?—God

grant, thou cruel tyrant, that by thy miserable death, thou may'st put an end to our groans!

"Why weep ye? What means this delay? Your hearts are heavy within you. Your consciences are haunted by the judgment of God. And thus it is that the condemned rejoice in the fires you have kindled, and think they never live better, than in the midst of consuming flames. Torments affright them not,—insults enfeeble them not,—their honour is redeemed by death—he that dies is the conqueror, and the conquered, he that mourns.

"No! whatever snares are spread for us, whatever sufferings we endure, you cannot separate us from the love of Christ. Strike then—slay—grind us to powder! Those that die in the Lord shall live again; we shall all be raised together. Condemn me as you will—I am a Christian; yes, I am a Christian, and am ready to die for the glory of our Lord—for the truth of the evangelists.

"Quench, then, your fires? Let the wicked abandon his way, and return unto the Lord, and he will have compassion on him. Live—be happy—and meditate on God, ye judges! As for me, I go rejoicing to my death. What wait ye for? Lead me to the scaffold!"

They bound the prisoner's hands, and leading him from the council chamber, placed him upon the cart, that was to bear him to the Place de Greve. Before and behind marched a guard of five hundred soldiers; for Du Bourg was beloved by the people, and a popular tumult was apprehended. The day was overcast and sad; and ever and anon the sound of the tolling bell mingled its dismal clang with the solemn notes of the funeral march. They soon reached the place of execution, which was already filled with a dense and silent crowd. In the centre stood the gallows with a pile of faggots beneath it, and the hangman with a torch in his hand. But this funeral apparel inspired no terror in the heart of Du Bourg. A look of triumph beamed from his eye, and his countenance shone like that of an angel. With his own hands he divested himself of his outer garments, and gazing round upon the breathless and sympathizing crowd, exclaimed:

"My friends; I come not hither as a thief or a murderer; but it is for the gospel's sake!"

A cord was then fastened round his waist, and he was drawn up into the air. At the same moment the burning torch of the executioner was applied to the faggots beneath, and the thick volumes of smoke concealed the martyr from the horror-stricken crowd. One stifled groan arose from all that vast multitude, like the moan of the sea; and all was hushed again, save the crackling of the faggots, and at intervals the funeral knell, that smote the very soul. The quivering flames darted upward and around; and an agonizing cry broke from the murky cloud:

"My God! My God! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee!"

The wind lifted the reddening smoke, like a veil, and the form of the martyr was seen to fall into the fire beneath, that glowed like a furnace, seven times heated. In a moment it rose again, its garments all in a flame, and again the faint, half-smothered cry of agony was heard:

"My God! My God! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee!"

Once more the quivering body descended into the flames; and once more it was lifted into the air, a blackened, burning cinder. Again, and again this hellish mockery of baptism was repeated; till the martyr, with a despairing suffocating voice exclaimed:

"O God! I cannot die!"

The chief executioner came forward, and either in mercy to the dying man, or through fear of the populace, threw a noose over his neck, and strangled the almost lifeless victim. At the same moment, the cord which held the body was loosened, and it fell into the fire to rise no more. And thus was consummated the martyrdom of the Baptism of Fire.

THE DEVIL AT STRATFORD.—A few days ago a clergyman called at the house of a friend in Stratford, who had displayed a Unitarian placard in her window, and delivered the following curious charge. "We are doing all we can to expel the devil from this parish; you are doing what little you can to keep the devil in the parish." Mistaken man. We Unitarians have "renounced the devil and all his works." His very existence we discredit, and this doctrine of devils we abhor.

IN VIEW OF DEATH.

A SCENE AT SEA.

It was in May, 1862, that we engaged berths on board the ship, "Manhattan," as second-class passengers. The ship was large, and capable of carrying seven hundred passengers; but although capacious, it was very ungainly built, and was devoid of all symmetry as a piece of ship architecture; still its ugliness was not its worst feature, its radical defect was a tendency to take in water, which habit of "Manhattan," although teetotal enough in its way, was not considered a virtue by the passengers, who contemplated this "leaky" propensity with no great favour. There were on board about five hundred passengers, chiefly Irish, and all Catholics with the exception of five Unitarians.

The Captain was a short, well set Irish Yankee. His face was a true index to his character; it was an epistle written with hard stiff lines of passion and ferocity. His eyes shot vindictive fire; his head and neck were evidence of his bull dog nature. His manner was blustering and overbearing. His religion consisted of several parts,—dollars, revolver, a huge bull dog, and fair wind. These were his gods, and in them he had profound faith. From the savage traits of character which he displayed, he was aptly named Nero. If his great prototype fiddled while Rome was burning, this Nero of thesea could curse the winds, could laugh at human suffering, and could drink rum to madden his nature, and imperil, by his wicked conduct, the lives of five hundred souls! I never dreamt I should meet with a man whose nature was so fearfully perverted—whose immortal light had become so overshadowed by sin.

I will now turn to my journal:—Saturday, May the 17th,—rose at four o'clock, a.m. Terrible storm last night, several passengers were flung headlong out of their berths, others were agitated with fears of the ship sinking, and were nearly all night engaged with their pater nosters, beads, and saints, to save them from the horrors of shipwreck. To day I buried an aged woman, whom I had the pleasure of conversing with before she

entered our Father's house, where there are many mansions. She was an Irish Unitarian; and never shall I forget her calm, tranquil look, and deep stedfast faith in God's everlasting goodness, as she was about to depart through the stormy door of the Atlantic, into the haven of eternal peace! She lived in our simple liberal faith, and experienced it to be the light and joy of her life, and found it an anchor both sure and stedfast, when her Father called her to come up higher, while out on the stormy sea, far away from home and kindred—but near her eternal home. Her death was a two-fold good to my soul, it deepened my faith in our Unitarian faith, as a principle of life, and I saw it was a grand spiritual torch, to light up the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Wednesday, May 21st,—rose at six o'clock, a.m. On the banks of Newfoundland. The weather still cold, coupled with dense fogs, and drizzling rains. Its now six o'clock in the evening, and a storm has fairly set in; but hundreds are quite indifferent to impending danger, for the Irish are having a sort of wake, to frighten away the angry ghost of old Neptune. Tom O'Neil is singing, "Lord Bateman was a noble lord," for half an hour, and at the conclusion of this unique song, he brought down quite a storm of applause. Mary Mac'Nally is requested to give Campbell's "Exile of Erin," which request she complies with after a fashion which was sufficiently loud and screaming, to call up the spirit of the poet from the vasty deep. She gave great satisfaction to her friends, and I felt unbounded joy when this Irish soprano came to an end. There was another set playing cards, and cracking Irish jokes with great gusto. Its nine o'clock at night. All lights are ordered out. The storm is increasing in violence; and the captain is evidently much excited, partly because there is no fair wind, and partly because he has evidently drank too deeply from the rum bottle. The captain has left the poop, and has condescended to visit the second cabin, where he is swearing and cursing. He calls the passengers a vile set of dogs, only worthy to be abused. Its now midnight, and the ship is being tacked; the captain is raving like a madman; from the

raging of the sea, and the noise of the crew it is utterly impossible to sleep. The night is dark—not one star to be seen in the heavens—no light but the red light which is burning on the fore-castle—no music but the roar of the storm, and the notes of the gong which proceeds from the foremast, to warn vessels of our whereabouts, to avoid a collision if possible. The storm is growing more violent; the captain, mad drunk, makes the men tack ship three times, although the wind is still in the same point; he strikes at the men; quarrels with the first mate, challenges him to a pugilistic encounter; he next offers a revolver to the man at the wheel, and desires him to fight him a duel; he then rushes after the third mate. The storm is now fearful to contemplate, it makes the masts kiss its angry breakers. The captain has been captured, and is confined to his room. The old ship is foundering, and just at this moment a panic has seized on the passengers; all is darkness, and a cry is heard that the vessel has sprung a leak, and hundreds rush to the hatchways, but they are fastened down. In their terror and despair, they fly to their beads, to the virgin Mary, and cry piteously for mercy. All the saints are appealed to at this trying moment. But there are a few who are calm in view of death—who appeal to no saints—who invoke no queen of heaven, but who gather their little ones together, kiss them, and are ready to die, leaning on the arm of everlasting love, knowing full well that all things shall work together for good—that to die in the storm is but going home—is only a watery entrance to immortality. The storm is over, the ship is saved as by a miracle. There are two lessons which this scene impressed on my mind:—First, that the doctrines of the Trinity and hell-fire, neither help men to live, nor fit them to die. Look at these Catholics—these believers in Trinity, hell-fire and saints,—so trifling and merry a few hours before the storm came on, then see them in the hour of peril, what abject cowards! How piteously they whine to the rags and tatters of their creed for help! But there was no spirit in the old clothes of their church to impart courage and repose to their troubled souls. Secondly,

that the simple faith of our liberal church is adequate to life and death. Our faith is a vital inward force, hid with Christ in God. It is a reality—a profound sincerity. This hidden life, germinates, buds, blossoms, ripens into beautiful life fruit, it gives courage and peace in the hour of trial, it puts out the fire of Hades, it tames the furies, like the Æolian harp, it turns the roughest and wildest winds of adversity into the sweetest music.—
JOHN BEVAN, *London*.

SONGS OF HOME.

Ox the balmy air of evening
Floats a sweet, familiar strain;
Carried back, I softly enter
The old homestead door again.

Listen, listen! catch each measure!
'Tis the same she sang to me,
When she smoothed my tangled ringlets,
As I sat upon her knee.

Dearest mother! oft I linger,
Dreamingly as days decline,
Wishing I might hear thy footstep
In this distant home of mine.

'Twas but yesterday a minstrel
Played an air of days gone by,
When a picture of home faces
Rose before my vacant eye.

Oft we sung it, cherished Brothers!
Ere we gave the parting hand,
While around that old piano
Gathered our dear household band.

Long ago that home-light faded;
Darkness o'er the threshold stole:
For the silver-cord was loosened,
Broken was the golden bowl.

In the strength of noontide vigour
Fell our father in the strife;
Life we asked for him, and Heaven
Gave him e'en Eternal Life.

Now these memories came o'er me
Fraught with feelings deep and strong;
When from stranger lips are falling
Words of some old cherished song.

Though the skies are bright above me,
Though I meet, where'er I roam,
Kindly hearts and gentle voices,
Yet I yearn for Songs of Home.

THE EXPERIENCES OF RUTH TAYLOR, GOVERNESS.

RACHEL EVANS.

"Up to the strife with care,
Be thine an oaken heart,
Life's daily contest nobly share,
Nor act a craven part."

"For above all the turmoil, and all the care and change, dwells the calmful light of God, and the flower of hope springs up smiling on the grave of despair."

Thus loving and beloved we passed two short years of our happy though laborious life, when an event occurred which at once seemed to destroy all our domestic felicity. My dear father, who had never been strong, took a chill while watching by the sick bed of one of his poor friends, and a short week terminated his noble and self-denying career. How much we suffered from his loss it is impossible to describe. All our hope and our energy seemed at once to fail. My mother was the only one who subdued her deep grief for the sake of her children. For myself I felt for a time quite prostrated. A kind of apathy stole over me as I listlessly worked by my mother's side. One day she regarded me for a time with her sweet, mournful eyes, and then with a deep sigh left the room. This silent reproval awoke me to a sense of my unworthy conduct. "Are all my old faults returning to me?" thought I. Shall I altogether lose my self-respect? God forbid! Let me render myself worthy of the memory of my beloved father. Let me exert myself once more to aid my dear, sorrowing mother. Oh! thou Most Holy, forgive, I pray thee, the rebellious conduct of thy suffering child. Let me see Thy directing hand in each event which occurs. Like my blessed Saviour may I drink the cup of sorrow Thou hast thought fit to present unto me. "Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done." It was now that the life and death of the Saviour seemed all precious to me. I remained for some hours contemplating his bright example, and seeking consolation and guidance from his blessed precepts. The certainty of a resurrection appeared to bring me once more near to my deeply lamented father. He was no longer in the grave; no longer a lifeless form; but I saw him as a

guardian spirit, for ever near me. Oh the blessed influence of the Christian religion, bringing peace to the mourner, and hope to the despairing heart.

I felt that the "*certainty of resurrection*," would alone be sufficient to crown with glory our Lord's sublime mission. This miracle of divine benevolence, sent to aid us in our struggles through this bewildering world, lays Heaven as it were open to our view. We see before us the congregation of "the just made perfect;" the righteous and holy of all ages;—with every power quickened and glorified;—with a spiritual vision which extends into all space, discerning only the good and the beautiful, where emotions of love and gratitude alone prevail.

Eternally blessed with "the communion of the saints," and the transcendent glory of the Almighty, they rejoice also in the presence of the blessed Saviour, who brings his redeemed from "the four corners of the earth." Ah it would be sad indeed if our Saviour were not there, I thought. We would recognize him as on earth—the Son of Man—our friend and brother, as well as the *best beloved* of the Father. This makes him quite distinct in person from the All Supreme, although *one in mind*, and ever in character "the express image of the invisible God." Thus meditating far into the watches of the night I fell asleep, and in my dreams heard the angels sing "the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, thou King of Saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord and glorify Thy name? for Thou only art holy. All nations shall come and worship before Thee, for Thy judgments are made manifest."

* * * * *

I was thankful to procure a situation not far from our home, as I feared to go to any distance from my precious mother. I engaged myself as a daily governess also, lest my heretical opinions should again interfere with my employer's notions. How nervous I felt those may understand who have failed like myself in their first undertaking. But there was no occasion of fear on my part. Never was a more angelic nature than the dear friend whom I now served. Her

whole soul seemed engaged in labouring for others. A total forgetfulness of self invited her to exertions beyond her strength, and thus soon after I joined her household she was confined to her couch, suffering simply from physical weakness. But as the powers of the human became enervated, the angel within was more fully developed. Her mind appeared ever at work contriving the welfare or happiness of those around her. Of course I came in for more than my share of kindness, because she said her obligations for my assiduity in teaching her darling child would never be repaid. Thus I conveyed numerous little comforts to my dear mother and sisters, and had the pleasure of bringing them occasionally as visitors to the dear invalid. We once more felt that we had regained our position in society. Employed as the willing almoners of our dear benefactress. Our thoughts no longer dwelt wholly on the bitter loss we had sustained. The memory of my beloved father now remained with us as a never-failing stimulant to exertion. We were induced also by our judicious friend to employ our leisure hours in studying the literature of our own and other countries. Her husband's valuable library, which she termed her chief treasure, was thrown open to us, and we entered on a new scene of delight. Oh how much comfort and pleasure was thus bestowed by one person, sincerely desirous to promote the happiness of those around her. And yet she was not rich according to the usual acceptance of the term. Her husband had left her but a moderate income when he died; still by dint of strict self-denial and economy in her household expenditure this noble woman was enabled to do more real good than half the millionaires who thronged the neighbouring squares. And the daughter, my darling little charge, inherited all the virtues, and more than the intellectual power of her highly-gifted mother. It was natural that I should love them both with my whole heart, and that I should think no service too arduous to be performed for them. On one point only was I diffident and reserved with my benefactress. Oh coward heart that could shrink from that which should have been most gloried in—the simple truth

as it was in Jesus. Often and often I reflected on myself for not revealing the secret which seemed to hang like a heavy weight on my conscience. At length I felt it could be borne no longer, and one day requesting an interview alone, I revealed to her the cause of my anxiety and self-reproach. Oh coward heart again, which could fail in its filial trust in that Almighty power which had so often been a shelter in the hour of distress. But I was in the hands of a most lenient judge, who folded her arms around me when she saw my distress. "Do not be afraid of me, Ruth," she said, "we cannot help our belief, my child. If we follow in the footsteps of the Saviour we cannot go far wrong. His sermon on the mount is sufficient to show his estimation of what is right. Then I take also the latter part of the 25th chapter of Matthew to comfort me when I think of the differences which often separate, for a time, real Christians. Let us think of these words, Ruth, to reconcile us to each other. There is nothing said of peculiar doctrine in these passages. The world-wide precepts of our Saviour are no where limited in signification. We can be true Christians in action, however we may differ in certain obscure points of belief. I have arrived at this catholic sentiment by loving and admiring so many Christian men and women who differ materially from the faith in which I have been educated. So now, Ruth, we will agree to differ, yet not before I have heard all you can urge for your "heretical" opinions. So far they have never injured either my child or myself. On the contrary, both Milly and I have benefitted by your teachings and companionship. There must be sterling merit in that which influences people for their good. I must hear again of this doctrine, Ruth, my tried friend. It shall not separate us, but may be the means of uniting us more firmly than ever." And this in truth was the case. A mind so well balanced as my friend's; a judgment so clear; with powers quickened by the very suffering which she endured so patiently, was well qualified to be a recipient of the highest truth which can be imparted to man, namely, that "God is one;"—that no inferior creature, however highly

endowed, can share his Omnipotence; Christ (*the Anointed*) was one with Him in mind (a unanimity perfected by obedience.) He was "the image of the invisible God;" "the express image of his person;" "full of grace and truth;" "the word made flesh;" "the long promised Messiah;" "the Redeemer from sin;" "the Lamb led to the slaughter, whose blood should wash away the sins of the whole world" (promising universal redemption;) but not "the invisible God, whom no man hath seen at any time;" "not the Father Spirit;" "not the Creator of this vast universe." Our Saviour himself made the distinction. "Why callest thou me good, there is none good but one, that is God." I pointed out that remarkable passage in the 15th chapter of the 1st of Corinthians, which speaks of "the Son himself being subject to the Father, that God may be *all in all*. Then cometh the end, *when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power*. For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted, which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, *then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him that God may be all in all*."

Thus ends this fragment of a woman's life. It remains to add that her friend died as she had lived, a true Christian, full of hope and joy at the thought of dwelling in the light of her Father's countenance, with that beloved Saviour, whose footsteps it had ever been her highest aim to follow. With her latest breath she commended her child to Ruth's care. "Make her like yourself in all things," was her last injunction.—And so Ruth would have taken the tender nursing to her own home, but rude hands snatched her from her grasp. There were stern relations full of bigotry and pride who denounced Ruth's "heretical" opinions.—And so the governess retired, wounded and abashed, and she taught no more.

AN ARROW FROM THE QUIVER.

A FEW weeks ago, the proprietors of the religious periodical, called "*The Quiver*," advertised in the columns of the leading papers, and the Unitarian newspapers as well, that the first of a series of articles, headed, "UNITARIANISM, NOT THE TRUTH," would appear in their paper on the 19th of December. This is the first arrow of the series; we now beg to call the attention of our readers to it, and we may perchance notice the flight of other arrows that are shot in this direction, wide as they are of the target, set up by the heading of their article, they may be profitable to us to show the kind of stuff of which they are made, and the nature of the pabulum supplied in this controversy. We are thoroughly conversant with the fact, that all kinds of unfair acts are practised by Trinitarians to stem back the progress of our views, and we are quite prepared to read untrue words in defence of that which so frequently inspires its disciples to do very unfair and unkind things. We believe there is a natural connection between error and unrighteousness, and more than once we have witnessed most unseemly things perpetrated to uphold those unchristian errors involved in the whole Trinitarian scheme of religion. We know there are high and pure minded men and women among the Trinitarian churches; we know there are good, wise, and benevolent people who have espoused and profess what we are sure is not christian truth, nevertheless we aver, there is a connection between truth and goodness, the principles of a man's creed, if believed in, and his life; and the verdict of all philosophy, and of christian faith, do not treat it as a trifling and unimportant thing, the faith a man professes. So far, indeed, we have no doubt, the "*Quiver*" will go with us, and therefore it hopes to prove, to its readers, that "Unitarianism is not the Truth," that it may make them, if any such there be, better men and women. For without our superior knowledge or better faith produces higher and nobler life, truer obedience to God, and love to men, without our discovery of truth culminates in a wiser life, our

discoveries profit us little. So also in harmony with what has gone before; when men have a weak case to uphold, they uphold it with bad arguments. Like cleaves to like in theory and practice, in doctrines and their defence. Now what can be more fallacious than the opening of this professed argument in the "*Quiver*," for the untruthfulness of Unitarianism. It stands thus, the Unitarians are not so numerous as the Trinitarians, therefore Unitarianism is not true. This is a very pointless arrow indeed, and indicates the amount of error we may expect in the series of articles that will follow. A weak cause can have nothing but weak arguments, we have long been persuaded of this. To make the articles interesting they are to be continued in the form of conversations, OWEN is to represent the Unitarian side; WHITE, the Trinitarian. White has a large space allowed him, and Owen a very small one, Owen very pertinently asks if truth and falsehood are to be determined by majorities, and then White says, "He does not mean anything so absurd as that;" and yet the whole of the article is devoted most clearly to this proposition, and nothing else. When he is reminded that the proportion of 15,000,000 of Catholics to 1,500 Protestants in Spain would upset his argument, he comes to the defence of his "*number argument*" by saying, Protestants have not had the same chance in Spain, or there would have been a turning of the tables against the Catholics. But then is this not still clinging to figures. And if we be allowed to ask how after eighteen hundred years, the heathen are still in a vast majority over the Christians, and that the political power of Christendom for many hundreds of years has completely outmatched the power of heathen nations, still they are numerically greater than Christians. How does the argument of numbers stand this. Athanasius himself was more than once compelled to appeal from the argument of numbers to other ground, and as soon as the Trinitarians are outnumbered again as they will be, they will have to do as did Athanasius when he was in the minority. Then again how does White account for the fact that only two working men in London, out of every one hundred attend a place of worship, so says the

"church commission." The relation of 98 to 2 must be very heavy odds against public worship according to his theory, in this great free city, where men are not the less, but the more esteemed for attending christian worship. How stands the argument of numbers in this ordeal. It is only a marvel to us that any man can be so simple as to set up this standard, or say one word in its defence. But, then again, the "*Quiver*" is quite in error as to what it calls its facts of the case. It hints that Unitarians were once a more numerous body of people than they are now. "It is sometimes doubted whether there are as many as existed sixty years ago," so says White. We have just to add, that the "*Quiver*" might as well, and with as much truth affirm, that there were as many Christians in the first age of the church, as at the present day. We know something about the history and the progress of Unitarianism during the last sixty years, and notwithstanding the great opposition it has encountered in Europe and America, it has made considerable headway, as we shall now show to the confusion of the "*Quiver*."

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION ADAPTED TO BE A UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

WHEN we examine the religion of Jesus Christ, in its New Testament form, we find it divested of every feature and circumstance adapted to confine it to any particular territory or people. Its doctrines, its worship, and its system of moral duty are all equally adapted to universality. It teaches that God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth, Acts xvii. 26—That he is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him, Acts x. 34, 35—That he is alike related to all the children of men as their Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor; and that the high and low, the rich and the poor, the monarch and the slave, all stand upon a level in his sight, and have all equal access, if penitent and believing, to the throne of his heavenly

grace. It proclaims one method of justification for all classes of men ; one kind of preparation for heaven ; and that not ceremonial, but moral and spiritual ; and one great code of moral duty, equally applicable to the learned and the ignorant, the polished and the rude, the civilized and the savage. And as all the great doctrines and principles of the religion of Christ, are equally adapted to the whole human family : so the rational and benevolent laws, the unostentatious rites, the simple worship, and the whole spirit and requirements of this religion, are no less adapted to be universally received as the religion of the whole race of men. It has nothing local ; nothing national ; nothing exclusive, except its uncompromising holiness ; no burdensome ritual ; no tedious or expensive pilgrimage ; no blazing altars ; no bloody sacrifices ; no intricate genealogies ; no special adaptedness to any particular form of civil government, or occupation in life. In short, everything in this blessed religion—the simple costume which it wears ; the heavenly spirit which it breathes ; its law of marriage ; its holy sabbath ; its meekness, forgiveness, and benevolence ; applying alike to all classes of men, and to all states of society—proclaim that it is suited to the condition of man, in all nations and ages ; to meet the exigencies of all ; to supply their wants ; to refine and invigorate their talents ; to elevate their character ; and to unite all who receive it, into one sanctified and happy brotherhood. Surely this character of our holy religion is adapted to confirm our confidence that it will, one day, as Jehovah has promised, gloriously fill the world, and that literally, in Christ “all the families of the earth shall be blessed.”—*Dr. Miller.*

THE ‘BACK OUT.’—A FACT.

A FEW weeks since, two carriages met in a narrow street, in this city, in which it was impossible for them to pass each other. The horses were standing side by side, apparently as eager as their masters to proceed on their way. Now it was evident that one or the other of the drivers must ‘back out,’ or disastrous consequences would certainly ensue. But both were stubborn. One blamed

the other for having stopped in the street ; the other was blamed for coming into the street, when he knew the other was there. They became angry, threatened violence to each other, and brandished their huge fists in each other’s faces. At length they both determined to drive onward, let the result be as it would. But one carriage being more slender than the other, the contest was unequal, and the idea was dropped. After much harsh, abusive, language, and having listened to some disinterested, wholesome advice, from the spectators, which neither was willing to accept, one mounted his carriage, in an indifferent manner, crossed his legs, and manifested the utmost patience, saying that he should remain there, if for a fortnight, till the other ‘backed out.’ The other, no less patient or independent, mounted his seat, saying he should stay there till all impediments to his onward progress were removed, should it be a month, and commenced reading a newspaper.

Well, thought I, they are both stubborn, proud, and determined,—and unless one or the other should alter his mind, and become humbled, they will remain till they starve or freeze, for it was a piercing cold day. I proceeded on my way to dinner, reflecting on their folly, and thinking how the foolish affair would end.

On my return, I found to my utter surprise, that the two carriages had disappeared. I was now really anxious to know what compromise could have been made. On inquiry, I was informed that *they BOTH backed out !*

What a comment upon pride, stubbornness, and contention ! After so many bitter words, so much threatening, so much show of haughty feeling and determination, on both sides,—*both* were compelled, probably glad, to ‘back out.’ Yet it is always so. See a man determined on pursuing a wrong course, perhaps knowing that he is in the wrong, but too proud to retract—the fact may be depended upon, that after all his brandishing, after all his threats, after all his pompous words, he will find that there is no alternative, but to ‘back out !’ which he will then be compelled to do, with mortification and shame, regretting that he had not ‘backed out’ before any strife occurred.

THE MORAL POWER OF CHRIST'S CHARACTER.

CHARACTER is the chief source of moral power. It has done most that has been done to improve and elevate man. From it has proceeded the energy, that has redeemed and advanced society to a freer, higher, and happier condition. It has not been done by knowledge, literature, associations, universities, institutions and governments. It has not been done by poets, warriors, legislators and philosophers. These can do something to refine and enlighten the intellect, to soften the manners, to improve the physical circumstances of society. But they can do little to quicken, enrich, exalt its soul, to purify, elevate, develop our moral affections and energies. This can be effected only by the action and influence of character, the divinest portion and acquisitions of our nature—living, beautiful, penetrating, powerful virtue, God manifest in the flesh. It enters, pervades the soul, touches its deepest springs, inflames its noblest desires and excites its loftiest aspirations. It breathes into the spirit the breath of life, inspires it with undying might, and girds it with celestial armour. Intellectual, social, political progress may be effected by other means. Every thing begets its kind. It is only the action of the soul that can awaken and arouse the soul. True salvation must come from its depths. The might of virtue never dies. It rears a throne in the bosom of humanity, and reigns there for ever. The sceptre of righteousness is everlasting. Principalities and dynasties pass away. Monuments crumble into dust. The theories and systems of the proudest minds disappear. But one jot of virtue's power perishes never. It is immortal. It will be felt by the last man that treads this green earth and looks on these glowing skies. It mingles with the pure and beneficent tide that flows from God. It becomes a portion of the eternal empire of the universe. It is character that gives power to deeds. The same acts, when performed by different characters, affect us very differently. The execution of a criminal only shocks and disgusts. The death of a martyr gives new life to the world. The influence of Marathon has not lessened. Waterloo has little to lose. The earth is covered over with places from whence issue perennial streams of holy power. There the pure in heart, the inflexible in principle, the sublime in purpose suffered, struggled, and died. The lands once trodden by prophets and apostles, became ever after holy. The character of Washington has more benefitted America than all the talents, genius, and science that ever has or ever will appear in it. The ancients made great progress in the arts. But their moral progress was feeble and slow. They were deficient in the higher forms of spiritual development. The sun of righteousness had not risen on them. The all pervading energy of a superhuman character, was not working among them and within them. They had not seen God. They had not looked, enraptured, on the moral splendours of his being. They had seen his power, magnificence and glory in the earth and heavens. And their taste, intellect, and imagin-

ation were excited and cultivated. But they had not seen the ineffable excellence, beauty, and riches of his moral attributes. Their thirst after righteousness had not therefore been aroused. The most thrilling appeals had not been made to their holier desires, sensibilities and sentiments. They had not viewed the highest forms of goodness and greatness. The superior characters that have appeared in the world are, and from the nature of the case must be the sources of its salvation. A truly good man is heaven's best gift. Christianity, without the character of Jesus, its precepts, promises, revelations, would be powerless, mere moonshine—a soulless body, a sunless system. His character combines all those qualities requisite to the production and exercise of the highest moral power. Character becomes powerful in proportion as it gathers into itself apparently opposite and conflicting qualities, meekness, and strength, humility and greatness, tenderness and firmness, beauty and grandeur, simplicity and dignity, clearness of mind and profoundest emotions, enthusiasm. It is needless to say our Saviour's character combines all these qualities and in the highest degree. His dignity is divine. He appears a bright and sublime portion of the universe, at one with the mightiest displays of God's power and our loftiest conceptions of his attributes. We associate him with all that is grandest in creation—with its mountains, oceans, suns and skies. We are impressed, that he thinks, feels and dwells in a region far, far above the sphere of our cold, feeble, poor being. His thoughts, hopes, purposes, sympathies, affections are so vast as almost to overwhelm us. His soul moves on an axis, that rests in the bosom of the everlasting Father. While contemplating him, we are confident we behold God. The impression is that of the infinite.—His simplicity is that of a child. We are certain there is no guile in him. His character is perfectly intelligible. It is transparent. We see through it. We feel a perfect assurance there is no deception. We know from what causes are derived the throbbings of that mighty heart. We gaze directly and on the springs of his activity. Then there is a beauty, and loveliness about him that reminds us of all things most beautiful and lovely in existence, the lilies of the field, the rosy-fingered morn, the stars of evening, or the moon as she walks in her brightness. His character is endowed with a superhuman energy. Those near him frequently fear and tremble. And as soon as he begins his work we are conscious a new kingdom has arisen in the world. Priests and princes sink into nothing before him. Soldiers fall prostrate in his presence. And there is a vigour, a decision, a might and majesty in all he does and says, which repels every thought of weakness in relation to him. Then he is as gentle as the whispers of love, as the blindest breeze, as the flowing of the still waters. His influence descends in silence. We cannot bring near him the idea of violence. His spirit is throned in tranquility. He comes over the mind like a serene smiling heavens. His firmness was immovable. Contempt, persecution, desertion, torture, the cross, a world arrayed in

opposition could not move him. Onward he went, the malice of man raging about him, the terrors of a most cruel death ever before him, to the accomplishment of his mission. And his tenderness was that of a mother for her suffering, erring children. His bosom was ever full of the softest emotions. He wept much, as he loved much. The most hardened were melted in his presence.

We have given only hints. We may resume the subject. Its developments, *i.e.* the elements of the moral power of Christ's character would require much thought and space.

Not theory, but life produces life. The noblest christian characters have not been formed by the rules of the Gospel, so much as by receiving into themselves the life of Christ, as it is portrayed in historical reality, and in fulness of spiritual power; so much as by living in Christ, becoming like him, having him, as the apostle says, formed within them. This is the essential thing, that Jesus not only taught, but also exhibited a truly God-like character, and from this central point of his spiritual nature, which was perfect as a pattern, and yet historically real, from this representation of divinity in uncorrupted humanity, there streams forth on all sides power and life; a fresh spiritual motion extends itself over our race, in ever widening circles. If we take away this fountain, the perfect holiness and uncontaminated purity of the life of Jesus, then the moral influence of his religion become perfectly inexplicable to us; there would be an extraordinary effect without a sufficient cause; actually new life sprung from a bare semblance of life; the noblest truth originating from a fancy; the historical establishment of Christianity would be unaccountable and the whole noble structure would rest on a hollow base. As these things cannot be rationally admitted, so that central point, the perfect purity and holiness of Christ's character, must be considered as an historical reality, as true and undeniable. Thus the existence of the christian church, together with the good which is done in it and by it, testifies for the holiness of its founder.

This we can the more positively assert, because the moral influence of Christianity still extends to us, and because our own inward experience springs from that energetic power, which works at the very heart of the christian system, and which consists in the character of the Messiah. Indeed essentially the same influences, which were exerted eighteen hundred years ago, are still exerted upon us by the spirit and the life of Jesus; and they must be exerted, for otherwise there would be no oneness in the nature of Christianity, no inward coherence in the company of Christians, and the agency of Jesus would have no truly universal characteristics. Redemption cannot have been a different thing with the apostles, from what it is with us; the redeeming power must therefore be ever the same in its influence. It was not the bare teaching, nor the bare death of Jesus, but in inseparable connection with both, his redeeming, that is, his spiritually emancipating life, which was efficacious in the days of the apostles. We must therefore conclude

that the simple and artless scriptural exhibition of this life, from which the spirit of Christ breathes upon us, will exert the same influence upon our minds, which the personal observation of it exerted upon his disciples and their contemporaries. We of course include under the life of Jesus, the circumstances of his death, in the significance which is assigned to that death by Jesus himself and the apostles, as the close of his redeeming life, and as absolutely essential for completing the work of redemption. The mode in which that life operates upon us is the same now as it was at first; it is essentially the following. By a trustful meditation upon the whole character of Jesus, and by applying it to our own moral and religious nature, we are in the first place brought to a knowledge of our great distance from Christ, and to a severe condemnation of our moral state. In the next place we are lifted up above the feeling of our sins and deficiencies; freed from the painful consciousness of guilt, which separates us from God, the Holy One; brought into a most intimate connection with an all-loving Father; and filled with new strength for a better life, by the consciousness of a pure, divinely imparted freedom, of a serene peace within our own hearts. This power, which can emancipate our wills, which can elevate and compose, which in fine can redeem, is possessed by no object; by no word, no doctrine, no ideal, no moral exhibition, even of the most noble and excellent kind; but only by the life and works of Jesus, considered as a whole. Depending however on the development of Christ's character and attested by the experience of every christian, the power is necessarily derived and inseparable from the unspotted holiness of the Messiah's conduct. None but a nature which stands before us in full purity, can exercise over us this spiritual influence; none but he, in whom the truth itself, which emancipates the soul, has at the same time been exhibited as perfect virtue, and has triumphed spiritually over all opposition, can make us thoroughly free; only one, elevated above us, and above sin, can elevate us above ourselves and above sin; only by the most intimate communion of our souls with a holy being, can the power of holiness live and constantly strengthen within us, and the power of sin be forever extirpated from our natures. But if we think of Jesus as not morally pure, all these effects cease; no longer as a Redeemer from sin does he satisfy our cravings; he becomes only a teacher and prophet to us; and that the longing of our souls may be appeased, we must wait for another, who may at last exhibit to us a life, fully pure, truly pleasing to God and conformed in all respects to the divine will. But such a longing desire cannot be felt by one, who has actually known Jesus; he finds himself really emancipated, renewed, fully comforted by the Saviour; he possesses in Jesus everything which can supply his spiritual wants. His belief, then, in the unspotted holiness of Christ must involve a strong assurance; for without this sinlessness Christ could have no power to redeem. As certainly as he is our Redeemer, so certainly must he be free from all transgression.

QUESTIONS TO TRINITARIANS.

1.—ARE God and Christ two beings or one being?

2.—If the Father and the Christ (the Anointed) be two beings, each of them God, are they not then two Gods?

3.—If the Father and the Christ are but one being, and one God, then is it not evident, that what is true of the Father, must be true of Christ the Son and the Anointed, Father and Son in this case being but two different names for one and the same God?

4.—If the Christ (the Anointed) be God, who anointed him? Did he anoint himself; being at once both the anointer and the anointed?—See Luke iv. 18. Acts x. 38.

5.—If the Father be unbegotten and the Son begotten, and if they both are one and the same being, then does it not follow that the same being is both begotten and unbegotten?

6.—If Christ and the being styled in Scripture "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," be one and the same being, then does it not follow that Christ is the God and Father of himself?

7.—If the Father and the Son be the same individual being, does it not follow, that Christ is both the Father and the Son of himself? that he sent himself? ascended to himself, when he ascended to his Father and our Father, to his God and our God? John xx. 17, and now sitteth at the right hand of himself? that he prayed to himself, when he prayed to his Father, whom he calls the only true God, "and this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent?" John xvii. 3; and submitted his own will to the will of himself, when he prayed to the Father—Luke xxii. 42, "not my will, but thine be done," and forsook himself when he prayed to the Father—Matt. xxvii. 46. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

8.—If Christ be God Almighty, possessed of all power, with what truth could he declare, that of his ownself he could do nothing—John v. 19, 30; that his Father was greater than himself—John xiv. 28; and that to sit on his right hand, and on his left, was not his to give?—Matt. xx. 23.

9.—If Christ be the omniscient God, to whom are perfectly known all times and all events, past, present, and to come, with what truth could he say, "of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels in heaven, *neither the Son*, but the Father?"—Mark xiii. 32.

10.—Can it be true, in any sense whatever, that the very same being could be ignorant of that day, and at the same time know it? and what language could Christ have used which would more clearly have expressed both his own ignorance, and that of all other beings whatever, but the Father, concerning that day?

11.—Did Christ know that he and his Father were one being, when he said to the Jews—John viii. 17, 18, "It is written in your law, the testimony of *two* men is true, I am *one* that bear

witness of myself, and the *Father*, who sent me, beareth witness of me?"

12.—If that saying of Christ's—John x. 30, "I and my father are one," prove Christ and his Father to be one being, will not that other saying of his also prove his Father, himself, and his disciples, to be all but one being, when he prays to his Father—John xvii. 11, 21, 22, 23, "That they all may be one, as thou Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that they may be one, as we are one; I in them and thou in me, that they may be perfected in one?"

13.—Since Christ prayed that his disciples might become one with himself and his Father, in the same sense in which the Father and he were already one, does it not follow that the unity or oneness which subsisted between Christ and his Father, was a unity, not of substance or nature, but of views and interests, and purposes?

14.—Did Christ know, or mean others to understand, that he was God, when he said to the Jews—John viii. 40, "Ye seek to kill me, *a man* that hath told you the truth, which I have heard of God?"

15.—If it be said that this doctrine is a mystery to be believed, though not to be understood, may not the same thing be said with equal reason of the popish doctrine of transubstantiation?

16.—If Christ be God, is he not Lord in and of himself, there being in this case no one superior to him, to make him Lord? How is he then made Lord, made by God both Lord and Christ, and Lord, not to his own glory, but to the glory of God, the Father?—Philip. ii. 11.

17.—Did the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews know that Christ was God, when he said that Christ was made like his brethren in all things, tempted in all points, as we are, and made perfect through sufferings?—Hebrews ii. 10, 17, 18, iv. 15.

18.—Is there any *Scriptural* authority for the supposition of two natures in Christ? If so, Where is the passage of Scripture which discloses the truth to be found? Since this doctrine is in itself very wonderful and extraordinary, does it not require to be stated with peculiar explicitness and precision?

19.—If, however, it be impossible to adduce a single passage which affirms that Christ possessed two natures, and if the doctrine be merely *inferred* from some texts, then is it not evident that it is founded, not on Scripture, but on reason, since an inference is purely an act of the understanding? But we are taught, that it is dangerous and delusive to depend upon *carnal* reason: Is it not evident, however, that this doctrine has no other foundation?

20.—But supposing that Christ possessed two natures, does not the term Christ include both? The human nature alone was not Christ—the divine nature alone was not Christ: Must it not then be acknowledged, that the term Christ expresses the whole being, of whatever natures he may consist?

21.—Was not Christ once a helpless infant? Did he not hunger and thirst? Was he not put to death by the hands of wicked men? Did he not expire in agony upon the cross? And was

be not confined for some time to the sepulchre, a lifeless corpse?

22.—If it be said that this is true of the human nature only, then it cannot be true of Christ:—for the human nature alone is not Christ, since the divine nature is essential to constitute the character. If, notwithstanding, it be affirmed, that it was the human nature only that suffered and died, it must follow, that it was only a part of Christ, and that infinitely the most inferior part: and if this be true, what becomes of the doctrine of atonement, which maintains, that the death of a human being could not possibly secure the salvation of the world? According to this hypothesis, does it not necessarily follow, that it was, after all, the human nature only, that did suffer and die?

23.—If, on the other hand, it be maintained, that it was truly and properly Christ that died, the whole and entire being to whom this name is applied, consisting of the divine and human natures, does it not follow, that the Jews really crucified God Almighty!—that the Creator and Upholder of all things was put to death by his own creatures!—that the Governor and Sustainer of the Universe actually expired? Who does not shrink from this tremendous conclusion? Who could have continued to live, when the Author of Life ceased to exist? At that instant, would not the whole creation have become a total and eternal blank?

24.—If this system of theology be attended with consequences, at which, in the words of Bishop Hurd, "Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded," ought it not to be abandoned for the pure, the simple, the scriptural belief, which is thus most fully and precisely expressed in the very language of the sacred text:—

There is no other God but *one*—1 Cor. vii. 5. There is but *one God the Father*—1 Cor. viii. 6. Thou shalt worship *no other God*—Exod. xxxiv. 14. The true worshipers shall worship *the Father* in spirit and in truth, for *the Father* seeketh such to worship him—John iv. 23. The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth—Exod. xxiv. 6. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy: he will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever—Psalm ciii. 8, 9. God is love—1 John iv. 8. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life—John iii. 16. If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart, that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved—Rom. x. 8, 9. Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God by miracles and wonders, and signs, which God did by him—Acts ii. 22. There is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus—1 Tim ii. 5. All things are yours (Christians) and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's (not God, but God's).—1 Cor. iii. 21—23. Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God (not God, but the Son of God,) God dwelleth in him, and he in God—1 John iv. 15. There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of

the just and unjust—Acts xxiv. 15. We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad—2 Cor. v. 10. Then cometh the end, when he (Christ), shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father, when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy, Death, shall be destroyed. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.—1 Cor. xv. 24, 25, 26, 28.

WHAT HAS THE YEAR LEFT UNDONE?

It is not what my hands have done

That weighs my spirit down,—

That casts a shadow o'er the sun,

And over earth a frown;

It is not any heinous guilt,

Or vice by men abhorred;

For fair the fame that I have built,

A fair life's just reward:

And men would wonder if they knew

How sad I feel, with sins so few.

Alas! they only see a part,

When thus they judge the whole;

They do not look upon the heart,

They cannot read the soul.

But I survey myself within;

And mournfully I feel

How deep the principle of sin

Its root may there conceal,

And spread its poison through the frame,

Without a deed that men would blame.

They judge by actions which they see,

Brought out before the sun;

But conscience brings reproach to me

For what I've left undone:—

For opportunities of good

In folly thrown away;

For time misused in solitude;

Forgetfulness to pray;

And thousand more omitted things,

Whose memory fills my breast with stings.

And therefore is my heart oppressed

With thoughtfulness and gloom;

Nor can I hope for perfect rest

Till I escape this doom.

Help me, Thou Merciful and Just!

This fearful doom to fly;

Thou art my strength, my peace, my trust;

O, help me, lest I die!

And let my full obedience prove

The perfect power of faith and love.

HENRY WARE.

"Of what is essential to salvation, it is not difficult to judge. The quiet of the conscience requires that the information on this subject should be clear and precise: whatever is beyond is involved in comparative obscurity, and subject to doubtful disputation."—Robert Hall.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A HINT FROM THE PULPIT.—A Dissenting preacher in Norfolk lately gave notice, that if tradesmen had any difficulty in getting their debts paid by his congregation, and would deliver the bills to him, he would present them to the persons, before the congregation, and know the reason they were not discharged, as he knew there were a great many pretenders to sanctity who were notoriously dishonest.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.—A poor woman went to pay her tithe to Dr. Barnard, the rector of Maghera, afterwards bishop of Limerick, and well known as the friend of Dr. Johnson, and a member of *The Club* described by Boswell. The woman said to him, "Sir, you have the tenth of all I possess except my children: it is but justice that you should have the tenth of them too; here is my tenth son, take him and provide for him." Dr. Barnard took the child at her word; clothed and sent him to school, where he ever went by the name of *Tithe*.

LANGUAGE WITHOUT OATHS.—It is a singular fact, that the North American Indians cannot swear in their vernacular tongue. Their language furnishes no oaths. It is appositely asked—are the Indians so prone to truth, so averse from falsehood, that the invention of oaths was unnecessary or impossible? Probably this was the case until they became corrupted by our example. Their simple promises must have been to them, as sacred and inviolable as the most solemn abjurations are to us. Never resorting to serious appeals to heaven or the Great Spirit for the confirmation of their statements, profane oaths, as a matter of course, did not follow.

RELIGION THE TRUE BASIS OF EDUCATION.—Victor Cousin, who was employed by the Government to examine the schools of Europe, says,—"Religion is, in my eyes, the best, perhaps the only basis of popular education. I know something of Europe, and never have I seen good schools where the spirit of Christian charity was wanting. Primary instruction flourishes in three countries, Holland, Scotland, and Germany: in all it is profoundly religious. It is said to be so in America. The little popular instruction I ever found in Italy came from the priests. In France, with few exceptions, our best schools for the poor are those of the *Freres de la doctrine Chretienne* (Brothers of the Christian doctrine.)"

DR. JOHNSON AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—In his last illness, Dr. Johnson sent for Sir Joshua Reynolds; and, after much serious conversation, told him he had three favours to beg of him, and he hoped he would not refuse a dying friend, be they what they would. Sir Joshua promised. The first was, that he would never paint on a Sunday; the second, that he would forgive him thirty pounds that he had lent him, as he wanted to leave them to a distressed family; the third was, that he would read the Bible whenever he had an opportunity, and that he would never omit it on a Sunday. There was no difficulty but upon the first point; but at length Sir Joshua promised to gratify him in all.—*Mrs. Hannah More.*

COME, FATHER.—Turning the corner of Church and Warren streets the other evening, our attention was arrested by the tender and plaintive exclamation of a young female voice—"Come, father—do, do come!" We turned, and there stood a man, respectably looking and comfortably clad, holding by one hand on the railing, and supported by a little girl, his daughter, on the other side. She was tenderly entreating a drunken father to go home. He started off, the child clinging to his side, and as he reeled and almost fell into the gutter, the little thing literally braced herself against the pavement, and held him up. She still supported him, as he staggered to and fro, until we turned from the painful spectacle!—What a beautiful commentary this upon the affection of a daughter, and what a loathsome one upon the sin of drunkenness.

TO PARENTS.—The following anecdote has a moral which we beg leave to commend to parents. My mother was in the habit, when correcting us, of saying: "When I was a child I never did so." One day, having occasion to scold one of my brothers, a lad about eight years old, she said this. "Well, mamma," he quickly replied, when I get to be a man I shall forget that I was ever naughty, and will tell my children that I did not do such things, either." Now would it not be better—more honest and modest withal, to let our children know that we have gone through the same trials and struggles—that we understand, by experience, their temptations, their faults, and their naughtiness which "doth so easily beset them?" Would it not encourage them to "fight the good fight?"—*The Little Pilgrim.*

A HINT TO MARRIED FOLKS.—It was remarked by an Italian author of considerable reputation, that one of the chief causes of the superiority of the Jesuits, while they flourished in all their glory, to all other religious communities, was the never-failing politeness of their attentions to each other. "The Jesuits," said he, "with whom none can vie in the pleasures of civil life, were exceedingly attentive to appear to each other in the most amiable light. The polite behaviour of the first day was uniformly preserved by them during the many years that they continued together; so that the honey-moon of their consociation, if this expression may be allowed, lasted for their lives. This reciprocal confidence, at first merely adopted, improved by habit into solid and uninterrupted harmony, which even their numerous enemies allowed to be the foundation of that superior reputation by which they eclipsed all the other orders."

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